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Fifth Horsewoman of the Apocalypse

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FIFTH HORSEWOMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Jennifer Grathwol

A cross-legged tragedy smokes out the broken back porch that was
meant for executions
in a five part harmony against the stars and cars outside.
She locks her little lips around a guillotine
rolled between her fingers—nicotine among the mixture—
that was meant to suffocate the world with every sharp exhale.
Here she'll crucify all that's outside the faded yellow walls,
in a suburban wasteland where there are no heretics—only hypocrites,
she always describes the world this way:
people only walk their dog when they feel guilty for drowning kittens
in the basement.
Sure, there isn't a line forming to canonize her into sainthood; she'll
say that too
but not much else because there isn't time to waste on words,
when the air's waiting to be polluted.
She keeps all her skeletons in the closet and the monsters in her bed
though she counts on killing all those boys with secondhand smoke—
yeah, she hopes she'll be around to see them choke,
but what more would the world expect from a girl
rolling all of her own cigarettes outside on her back porch.